Vol. VIII
of X

V FOR VENDETTA

By Alan Moore
and David Lloyd

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For Mature
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™

V FOR VENDETTA™

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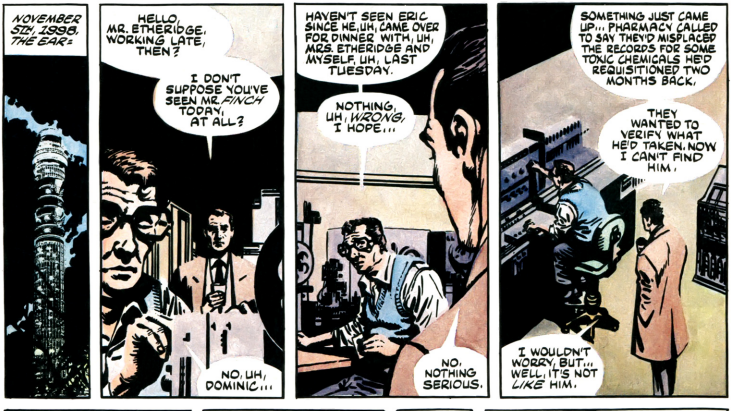
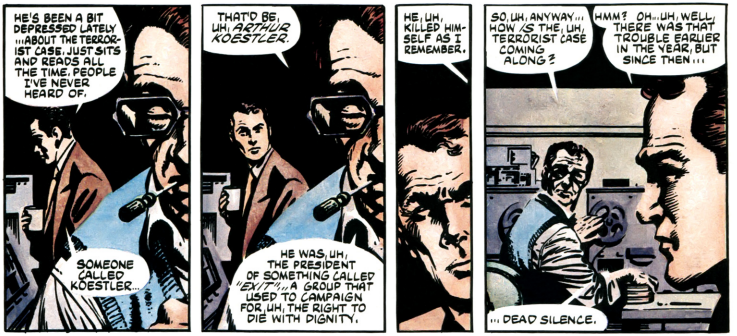
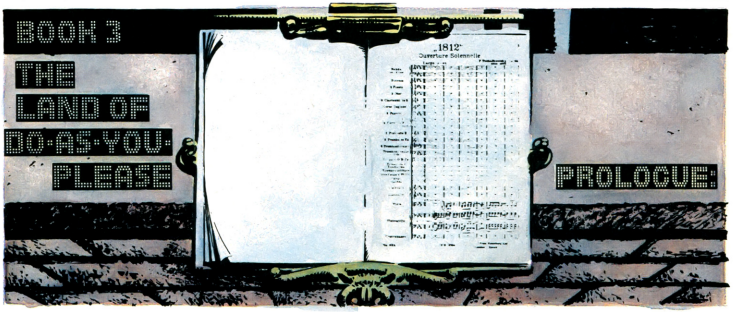
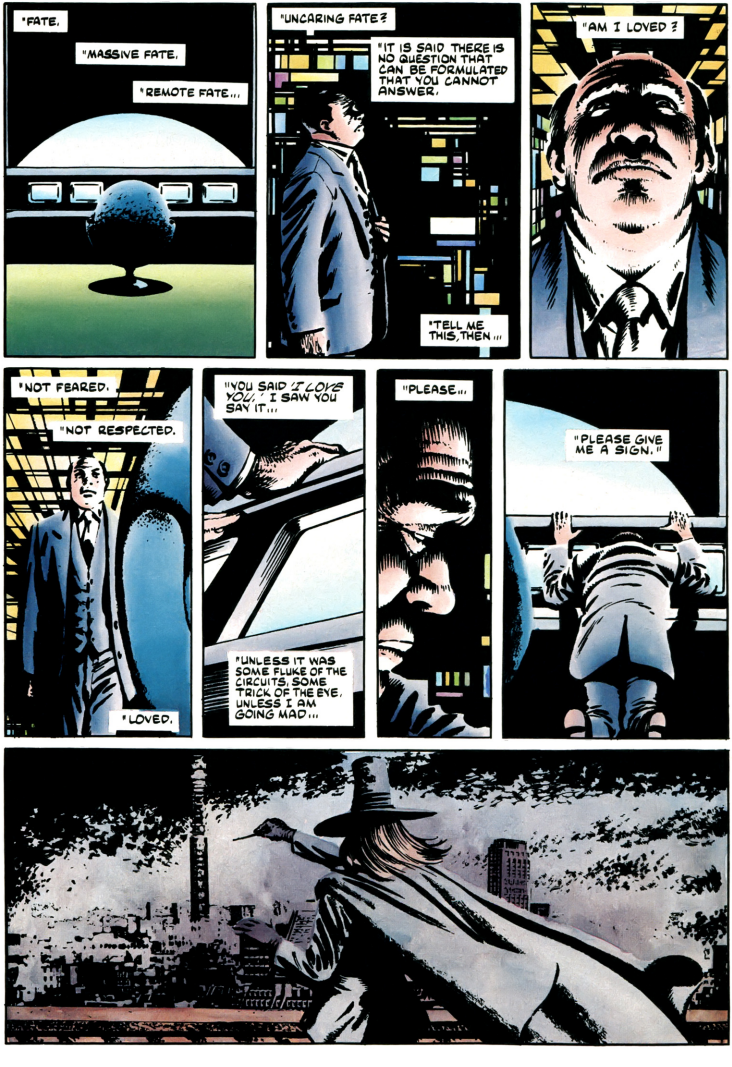

NOVEMBER 5TH, 1998. THE EAR=
HELLO, MR. ETHERIDGE, WORKING LATE, THEN?
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'VE SEEN MR. FINCH TODAY, AT ALL?
NO. UH, DOMINIC...
HAVEN'T SEEN ERIC SINCE HE, UH, CAME OVER FOR DINNER WITH, UH, MRS. ETHERIDGE AND MYSELF UH, LAST TUESDAY.
NOTHING, UH, WRONG, I HOPE...
NO. NOTHING SERIOUS.
SOMETHING JUST CAME UP... PHARMACY CALLED TO SAY THEY'D MISPLACED THE RECORDS FOR SOME TONIC CHEMICALS HE'D REQUISITIONED TWO MONTHS BACK.
THEY WANTED TO VERIFY WHAT HE'D TAKEN. NOW I CAN'T FIND HIM.
I WOULDN'T WORRY, BUT... WELL, IT'S NOT LIKE HIM.


HE'S BEEN A BIT DEPRESSED LATELY. ...ABOUT THE TERRORIST CASE. JUST SITS AND READS ALL THE TIME. PEOPLE I'VE NEVER HEARD OF.
SOMEONE CALLED KOESTLER...
THAT'D BE, UH, ARTHUR KOESTLER.
HE WAS, UH, THE PRESIDENT OF SOMETHING CALLED "EMTV"... A GROUP THAT USED TO CAMPAIGN FOR, UH, THE RIGHT TO DIE WITH DIGNITY.
HE, UH, KILLED HIMSELF AS I REMEMBER.
SO, UH, ANYWAY... HOW IS THE, UH, TERRORIST CASE COMING ALONG?
HMM? OH... UH, WELL, THERE WAS THAT TROUBLE EARLIER IN THE YEAR, BUT SINCE THEN...
... DEAD SILENCE.


BOOK 3
THE LAND OF DO-AS-YOU-PLEASE
1812
Overture Solennelle
PROLOGUE

V?
THESE ARE SOME THINGS THAT I MOVED OUT OF MY ROOM.
I DON'T NEED THEM ANYMORE.
SPRING CLEANING, EVE? IN NOVEMBER?
NO... I JUST FELT LIKE THROWING OUT EVERYTHING THAT WASN'T NECESSARY.
DO YOU EVER FEEL LIKE THAT?
OH YES.
ALL THE TIME.
V?
YES?
SOMETHING'S GOING ON, ISN'T IT? YOU'RE GOING TO DO SOMETHING.
DON'T WORRY, EVE. YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY...
"IT'LL ALL BE OVER BY CHRISTMAS."
THE ENDING IS NEARER THAN YOU THINK, AND IT IS ALREADY WRITTEN.
ALL THAT WE HAVE LEFT TO CHOOSE IS THE CORRECT MOMENT TO BEGIN.


"FATE.
"MASSIVE FATE.
"REMOTE FATE...
"UNCARING FATE?
"IT IS SAID THERE IS NO QUESTION THAT CAN BE FORMULATED THAT YOU CANNOT ANSWER.
"TELL ME THIS, THEN...
"AM I LOVED?
"NOT FEARED.
"NOT RESPECTED.
"LOVED.
"YOU SAID 'I LOVE YOU.' I SAW YOU SAY IT...
"UNLESS IT WAS SOME FLUKE OF THE CIRCUITS, SOME TRICK OF THE EYE. UNLESS I AM GOING MAD...
"PLEASE...
"PLEASE GIVE ME A SIGN."

OH MY GOD.
YOU... AREN'T YOU FINCH'S MAN?
WHAT HAPPENED HERE? WE WERE JUST ARRIVING WHEN WE HEARD THE EXPLOSION...
M-MR. HEYER?
BOMB... I WAS JUST... C-COMING OUT OF THE BUILDING...
MR. ETHERIDGE, SIR... HE WAS WORKING LATE...

ETHERIDGE? WHAT, IS HE HURT?
H-HE'S DEAD, SIR.
OH GOD, I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK...
UUGH,
CONRAD, WHAT'S GOING ON? YOU JUST RAN OFF AND *LEFT* ME!
TH-THERE'S BEEN A BOMB, THE TOWER...
THE EYE AND THE EAR ARE BOTH CRIPPLED! I'VE GOT TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THE LEADER STRAIGHT AWAY...
HALF LONDON HEARD THAT BANG. THE MOUTH WILL HAVE TO ISSUE A STATEMENT...
ANOTHER *'SCHEDULED DEMOLITION'?* WHO'S GOING TO BELIEVE IT AFTER THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AND THE OLD BAILEY? WHAT CAN THEY POSSIBLY SAY?
I DON'T KNOW, ANYTHING.
AT A TIME LIKE THIS, ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN SILENCE...

MR. CREEDY ON SCREEN TWO, MR. HEYER ON SCREEN FOUR, LEADER.
CAN'T IT WAIT?

I... UH, I'M SORRY, LEADER?

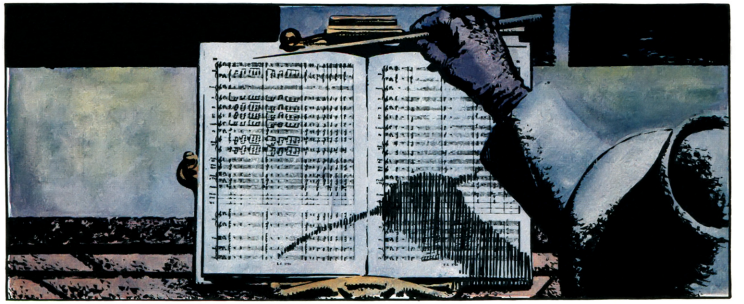
NOTHING.
PUT CREEDY ON. HAVE HEYER HOLD FOR A MOMENT.

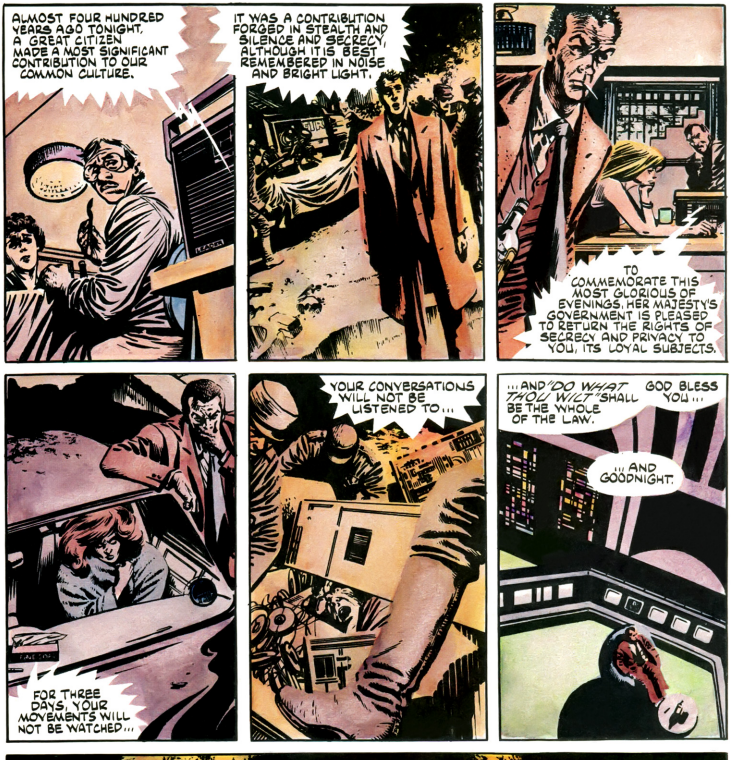
LEADER...
IT'S JORDAN TOWER. HE'S BLOWN IT UP.
AND THE OLD POST OFFICE TOWER AS WELL. THE EYE AND THE EAR ARE OUT OF ACTION...

BLIND AND DEAF AND UNABLE TO SPEAK...
GET MOBILE TRANSMITTERS OUT ON THE STREETS AT ONCE.
THERE MUST BE NO PANIC. EVEN IF WE CANNOT IMMEDIATELY BROADCAST OUR REASSURANCES TO THE PEOPLE...

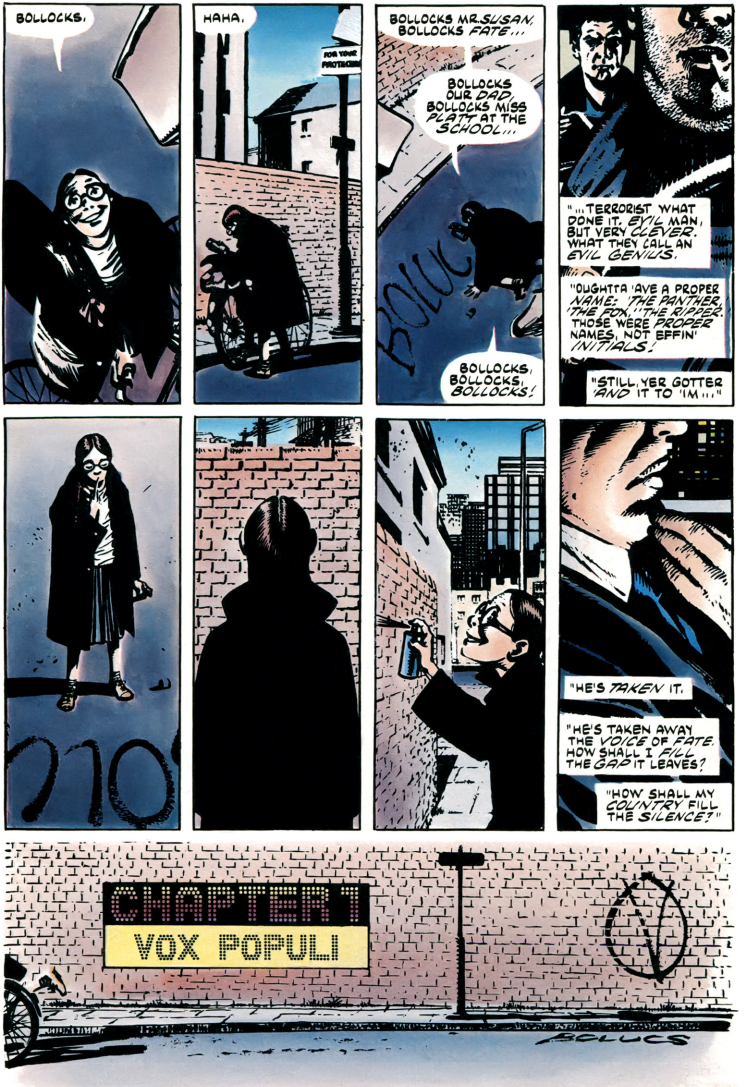
THAT'S JUST IT, LEADER. WE CAN'T BROADCAST IMMEDIATELY...
...BUT SOMEBODY ELSE ALREADY IS.
LISTEN TO THIS...

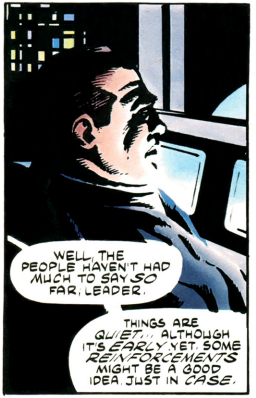
GOOD EVENING, LONDON.
THIS IS THE VOICE OF FATE.




ALMOST FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO TONIGHT, A GREAT CITIZEN MADE A MOST SIGNIFICANT CONTRIBUTION TO OUR COMMON CULTURE.
IT WAS A CONTRIBUTION FORGED IN STEALTH AND SILENCE AND SECRECY, ALTHOUGH IT IS BEST REMEMBERED IN NOISE AND BRIGHT LIGHT.
TO COMMEMORATE THIS MOST GLORIOUS OF EVENINGS, HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT IS PLEASED TO RETURN THE RIGHTS OF SECRECY AND PRIVACY TO YOU, ITS LOYAL SUBJECTS.
FOR THREE DAYS, YOUR MOVEMENTS WILL NOT BE WATCHED...
YOUR CONVERSATIONS WILL NOT BE LISTENED TO...
...AND *'DO WHAT THOU WILT'* SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW.
GOD BLESS YOU...
...AND GOODNIGHT.
END OF PROLOGUE

NOVEMBER 6TH, 1998.
MONITORS SABOTAGED! STAY HOME!
"NO TELLY,?
"WHAT, AN' NO RADIO NEITHER ? WELL, THAT'S BLOODY MARVELOUS! 'ERE'S ME PAYIN' LICENSE MONEY AND...
"ERE 'ANG ABOUT: YOU SAID 'E BOMBED THE G.P.O. TOWER AS WELL? DOES THAT MEAN THEY CAN'T..."
BOLLOCKS.
"...AND SHE SAYS NONE OF THE MICROPHONES ARE WORKING EITHER!
"WON'T SEEM THE SAME, USED TO LIKE THE WAY THEM LITTLE CAMERAS WENT FORWARDS AND BACK. STILL...
"I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL PROGRESS, EH?"
"...SO ANYWAY, WHEN WE 'EARD THE CAMERAS WERE OFF WE WALKED 'OME SUDDENLY, 'E SEZ NOBODY'S WATCHIN', 'OW ABOUT IT?'
"BLOODY CHEEK! THINKS 'E CAN DO WHATEVER 'E LIKES!
"ALTHOUGH, I SUPPOSE..."


BOLLOCKS.
HAHA.
FOR YOUR PROTECTION
BOLLOCKS MR. SUSAN, BOLLOCKS FATE...
BOLLOCKS OUR DAD, BOLLOCKS MISS PLATT AT THE SCHOOL...
BOLLOCKS, BOLLOCKS, BOLLOCKS!
"...TERRORIST WHAT DONE IT. EVIL MAN, BUT VERY CLEVER. WHAT THEY CALL AN EVIL GENIUS.
"OUGHTTA 'AVE A PROPER NAME: THE PANTHER, THE FOX, THE RIPPER. THOSE WERE PROPER NAMES, NOT EFFIN' INITIALS!
"STILL, YER GOTTER AND IT TO 'IM..."
"HE'S TAKEN IT.
"HE'S TAKEN AWAY THE VOICE OF FATE. HOW SHALL I FILL THE GAP IT LEAVES?
"HOW SHALL MY COUNTRY FILL THE SILENCE?"
CHAPTER 1
VOX POPULI
BOLLOCKS


WELL, THE PEOPLE HAVEN'T HAD MUCH TO SAY SO FAR, LEADER.
THINGS ARE QUIET... ALTHOUGH IT'S EARLY YET. SOME REINFORCEMENTS MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA JUST IN CASE.

MY PROBLEM IS, WITH BUNNY... UH, MR. ETHERIDGE BEING BURIED IMMEDIATELY, SOME OFFICERS HAVE REQUESTED FUNERAL LEAVE.
I DON'T LIKE GRANTING IT, SITUATION BEING WHAT IT IS, BUT IT'LL OBVIOUSLY UPSET MRS. ETHERIDGE, NOBODY TURNING UP...

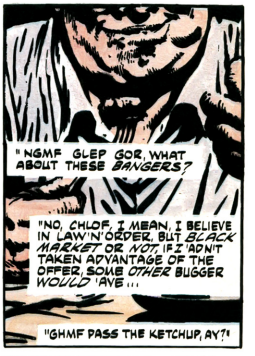
THE OTHER PROBLEM'S MR. FINCH. HE'S BEEN ACTING FUNNY... ABSENT FOR TWO DAYS, NO CRITICISM INTENDED, LEADER, BUT PERHAPS DIRECTING THE NOSE IS A JOB...
"I LOVE YOU."
... FOR A YOUNGER MAN, AND...

I...
I'M SORRY, LEADER?
D-DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?

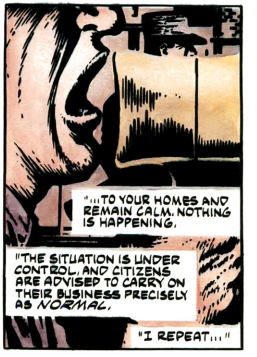
NO. NO, I DON'T THINK SO.
SEND MRS. ETHERIDGE SOME FLOWERS WITH MY APOLOGIES. CANCEL ALL POLICE LEAVE AND DOUBLE THE MANPOWER ON THE STREETS.
OH YES... AND LOOTERS ARE TO BE SHOT.

THAT WILL BE ALL, MR. CREEDY.
ENGLAND PREVAILS.

SUPERSAVERS
JAM 30p


"NGMF GLEP GOR, WHAT ABOUT THESE BANGERS?
"NO, CHLOF, I MEAN, I BELIEVE IN LAW 'N' ORDER, BUT BLACK MARKET OR NOT, IF I 'ADN'T TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF THE OFFER, SOME OTHER BUGGER WOULD 'AVE...
"GHMF PASS THE KETCHUP, AY?"

SUPERSAVERS


"...TO YOUR HOMES AND REMAIN CALM. NOTHING IS HAPPENING.
"THE SITUATION IS UNDER CONTROL, AND CITIZENS ARE ADVISED TO CARRY ON THEIR BUSINESS PRECISELY AS NORMAL.
"I REPEAT..."

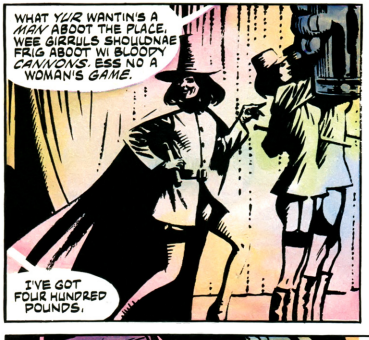
SUPERSAVERS
JAM 30p

"HELLO.
"I'D LIKE TO BUY A GUN."

OAH! Y'WANTAE BUY A *SHOOTER*, EH?
WULL, AM SHURA DON'T KNOW WHY YUR ASKIN' *ME*, AM GOT FER A BEVVY, Y'KNOW? AM NO INTAE A'THIS *GANGSTER* SHITE.

I-I'VE GOT *MONEY*, I HEARD YOU WERE THE PERSON TO *ASK*, AND THIS SEEMED THE BEST *TIME*, WHILE THE *MONITORS* ARE OFF.

AYE, WELL, RIGHT ENUFF, BUT AM NO CONVENCED. YUR NO THE SHOOTER *TYPE*, KNOWHATTAMEAN? WHURE YE WANTIN' *SHOAT*?
NOBODY!
I... I JUST WANT *PROTECTION*. THINGS ARE SO *THREATENING* LATELY...


WHAT *YUR* WANTIN'S A *MAN* ABOOT THE PLACE. WEE GIRRULS SHOULDNAE FRIG ABOOT WI BLOODY *CANNONS*. ESS NO A WOMAN'S *GAME*.
I'VE GOT FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS,

I CAN GIVE YOU HALF NOW, THE REST WHEN...
SHH, NO SLOUD FER CHRIS-SAKES!
FOOR HUNDRED QUID, EH? AN YUR JUST AFTER WANTEN TAE *PROTECT* Y'SEL?

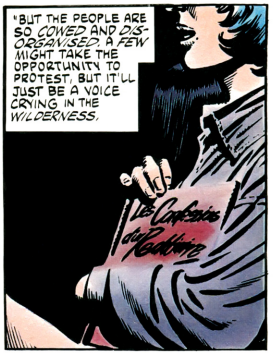
YES.
HMM. WULL, MEETUS ROONDS *BAAR*, CLOSEN TIME. A'LL SEE WHUT A KEN *DO*.
A HOPE Y'KNOW HOWTAE *HANDLE* ONE O'THSE THENGS, MISSUS.

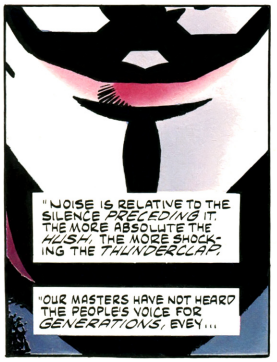
ESS NO A *POP* GUN, Y'KNOW WHUT AM *SAYIN'*? MAKESAN OFFLY BIG *BANG*. YU WAIT 'TEL YUR HOLDEN ONE. YU'LL SEE.
A'LL BE SEEN Y'*LATER*, THEN.
BYE FER NOO.

"BANG."
SPEC
JAY

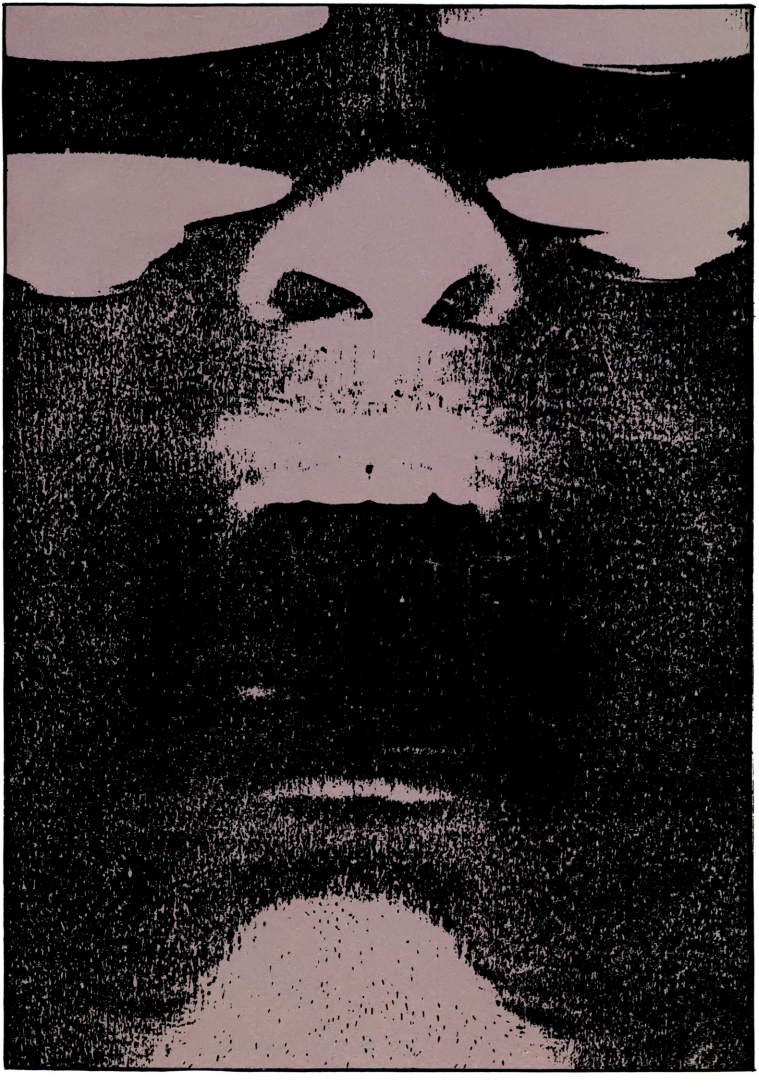
"...'APPENIN' OVER EAST FINCHLEY TONIGHT.
"WHAT I 'EARD, THIS NOBBY, 'IZ BIRD GOT FINGERED OVER A TIN O'BEANS, ONLY SHOT THE POOR COW, DIDN'T THEY? SO, LIKE, EVERYBODY'S TOOLED UP, AN'..."
"...JUST AS IF SHE WAS A PAK!! WELL, THEY'VE HAD IT! THEY COME ROUND 'ERE TONIGHT, THEY'RE GUNNA GEDDA KICK IN THE 'ED...
"A BIG KICK."

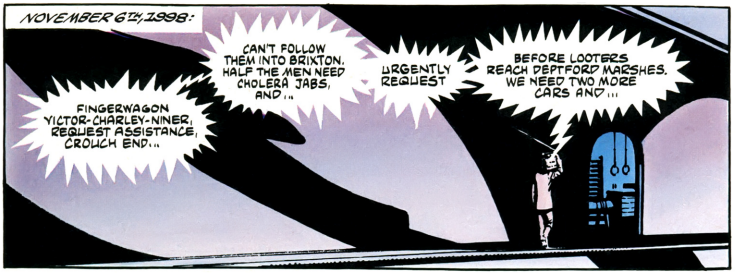
"IT DOES NOT DO TO RELY TOO MUCH ON SILENT MAJORITIES. EVEY, FOR SILENCE IS A FRAGILE THING...
"ONE LOUD NOISE, AND IT'S GONE.


"BUT THE PEOPLE ARE SO *COWED* AND *DISORGANIZED*, A *FEW* MIGHT TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY TO PROTEST, BUT IT'LL JUST BE A VOICE CRYING IN THE *WILDERNESS*.
Les Confessions du Docteur


"NOISE IS RELATIVE TO THE SILENCE *PRECEDING* IT. THE MORE ABSOLUTE THE *HUSH*, THE MORE SHOCKING THE *THUNDERCLAP*.
"OUR MASTERS HAVE NOT HEARD THE PEOPLES VOICE FOR *GENERATIONS*, EVEY...

"... AND IT IS MUCH, MUCH LOUDER THAN THEY CARE TO *REMEMBER*."




NOVEMBER 6TH, 1998:
FINGERWAGON VICTOR-CHARLEY-NINER, REQUEST ASSISTANCE, CROUCH END...
CAN'T FOLLOW THEM INTO BRIXTON. HALF THE MEN NEED CHOLERA JABS, AND...
URGENTLY REQUEST
BEFORE LOOTERS REACH DEPTFORD MARSHES. WE NEED TWO MORE CARS AND...

GREEN PARK. MOST PEOPLE IN-DOORS, BUT A CROWD FORMING IN KING'S ROAD AREA. SEND...
REGENCY. ALL CARS IN TOTTENHAM AREA
CK'S SAKE MAN, GET US SOME BACK-UP HERE
WHAT'S THAT?

A LATE SEVENTIES RADIO/CASSETTE. YOU CAN TUNE THEM TO THE POLICE BAND, EVEN IN A BROADCASTING BLACKOUT.
PROTESTING THE EXECUTIONS, IF WE CHARGE, THEY MIGHT
RECOMMEND TEAR GAS OR
VICTOR-CHARLEY-NINER, COME IN, PLEASE.

THE OLD BROADWATER FARM ESTATE. TELL MR. CREEDY THERE'S FIRES...
ALL THIS RIOT AND UPROAR, V... IS THIS ANARCHY?
IS THIS THE LAND OF DO-AS-YOU-PLEASE?
PLEASE RESPOND. REPEAT: VICTOR-CHARLEY-NINER...

NO. THIS IS ONLY THE LAND OF TAKE-WHAT-YOU-WANT. ANARCHY MEANS "WITHOUT LEADERS"; NOT "WITHOUT ORDER."
WITH ANARCHY COMES AN AGE OF ORDLING, OF TRUE ORDER, WHICH IS TO SAY VOLUNTARY ORDER.

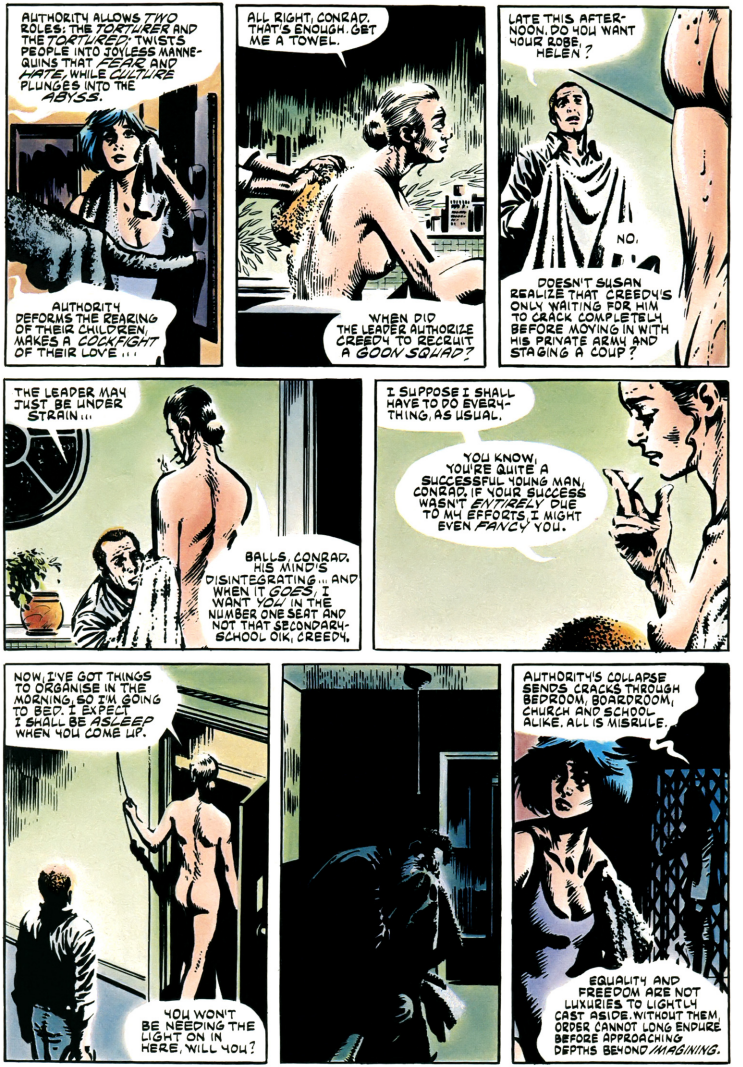
THIS AGE OF ORDLING WILL BEGIN WHEN THE MAD AND INCOHERENT CYCLE OF VERWIRRUNG THAT THESE BULLETINS REVEAL HAS RUN ITS COURSE.
THIS IS NOT ANARCHY, EVE.

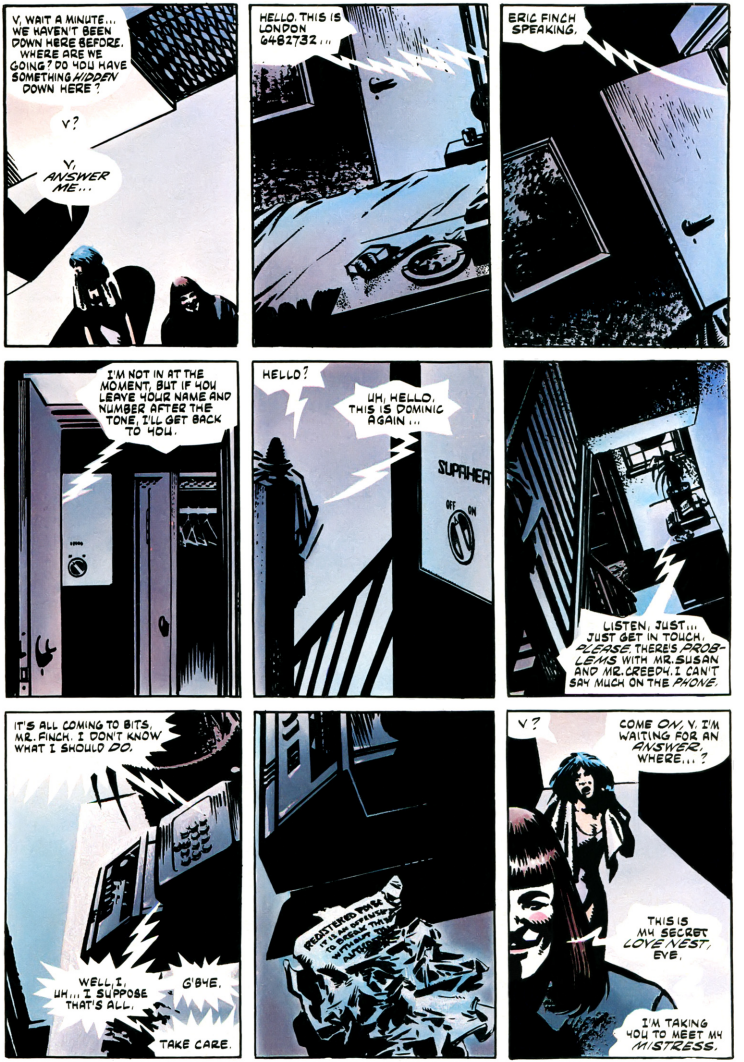
THIS IS CHAOS.
CHAPTER 2
VERWIRRUNG

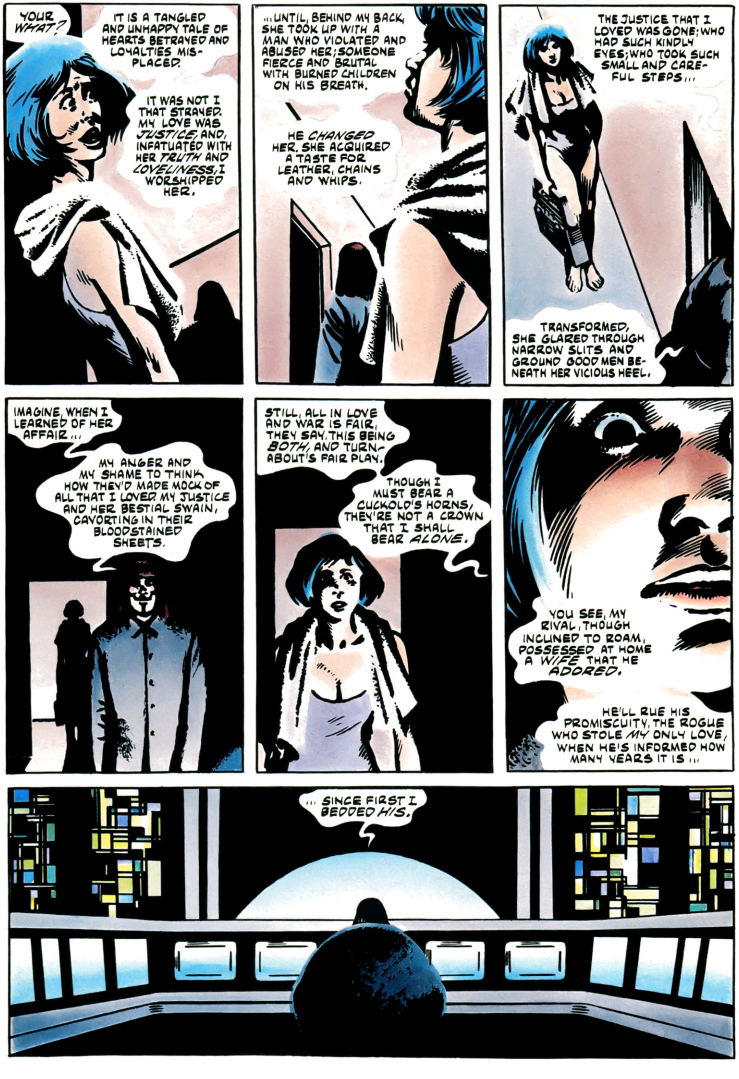
HOW DID YEATS PUT IT ...?
"TURNING AND TURNING IN THE WIDENING GYRE, THE FALCON CANNOT HEAR THE FALCONER. THINGS FALL APART ...
"... THE CENTRE CANNOT HOLD."
THE RIOTS WILL STOP. COMMUNICATIONS WILL RESUME. LET ENGLAND BRIEFLY MIND ITSELF. AFTER MY TOIL, I AM ENTITLED TO SOME TENDERNESS.
I GAZE, ENTRANCED, INTO YOUR EYE. LUMINOUS FINGERS STROKE MY FACE.
FROM YOUR WORLD OF PURE MATH YOU TOUCH ME, IN THIS SOLID AND ENCUMBERING PLACE...
TOO FAST TO REGISTER, DOUBLE EXPOSED BY MEMORY, IMAGES RACE ACROSS YOUR GLASS, MATCHING MY PULSE, ACCELERATING...
THERE: A HANGING? IT WENT BY SO QUICKLY... LETTERS, WORDS; A STADIUM CROWD; SHAVED ASIAN WOMEN HERDED THROUGH THE SHOWERS...
OH GOD, I'M... BURNING SHOPS; A CHIMP CONVULSED BY SHOCKS... THE FEELINGS, WHITE SCREENS, OH MY GOD, MY...
... FATE ...
OH ...
OH, MY LOVE, MY... OOUHHH...
HHH-HAHHH....
AH.
"MERE ANARCHY IS LOOSED UPON THE WORLD."

INVOLUNTARY ORDER BREEDS *DISSATISFACTION*, MOTHER OF *DISORDER*; PARENT OF THE *GUILLOTINE*.
AUTHORITARIAN SOCIETIES ARE LIKE *FORMATION SKATING*. INTRICATE, MECHANICALLY PRECISE AND ABOVE ALL, *PRECARIOUS*. BENEATH CIVILISATION'S FRAGILE CRUST, COLD *CHAOS* CHURNS...
"...AND THERE ARE PLACES WHERE THE ICE IS TREACHEROUSLY THIN."
EXIT
YUR UNDER ARREST.
AAA!
NAH, AM OANY KIDDEN.
OH! OH *GOD*, YOU...
L-LOOK, I'VE GOT THE MONEY. DID YOU GET THE... THE *THING*, LIKE I ASKED?
TO DEFEND MYSELF WITH?
OH AYE, THES'LL *DEFEND* YE, RIGHT 'NUFF.
THES'LL DEFEND SOMEBODY'S *EANARDS* ENTAE THE GUTTER.
AD *ADVISE* YE TE GET ET HOME QUECK. EF YUR SEERCHED AY NEVER SEEN YE IN MA *LIFE*.
N-NO, I UNDERSTAND. I'LL TAKE IT STRAIGHT HOME. THANK YOU VERY MUCH.
THANK YOU.
YUR WULCOME.

IT
HELLO, ALLY.
THOUGHT IT WAS TIME WE HAD A LITTLE CHIN-WAG.
MESTER CREEDY.
LUKE, AM NO AWARE OF HAVIN DONE ANYTHENG TE UPSET 'IE...
HA HA HA! WHAT A LOAD OF BOLLOCKS. THERE'S G.B.H., ARMED ROBBERY, PROBABLY A MURDER OR TWO...
YOU'RE QUITE A LAD, ALLY.
AA LUKE, C'MOAN. GESSA BREAK, EH?
A BREAK? HA HA HA!
I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU MORE THAN A BREAK, ME OLD SON.
I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A JOB.
IT'S THESE RIOTS, ALLY. THE FINGER'S STRETCHED A BIT THIN AT PRESENT, AND I'VE BEEN AUTHORIZED TO HIRE SOME EXTRA MUSCLE.
JUST FIND ME A FEW DOZEN HARD CASES. LOOKING FOR NIGHT WORK, CASH IN HAND. THERE'LL BE A COMMISSION FOR YOU, OBVIOUSLY. THINK YOU CAN DO THAT?
AHE, WELL...
GREAT STUFF ALLY. GREAT STUFF.
WELCOME TO THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER.
AUTHORITY, WHEN FIRST DETECTING CHAOS AT ITS HEELS, WILL ENTERTAIN THE VILEST SCHEMES TO SAVE ITS ORDERLY FACADE...
...BUT ALWAYS ORDER WITHOUT JUSTICE, WITHOUT LOVE OR LIBERTY, WHICH CANNOT LONG POSTPONE THEIR WORLD'S DESCENT TO PANDEMONIUM.

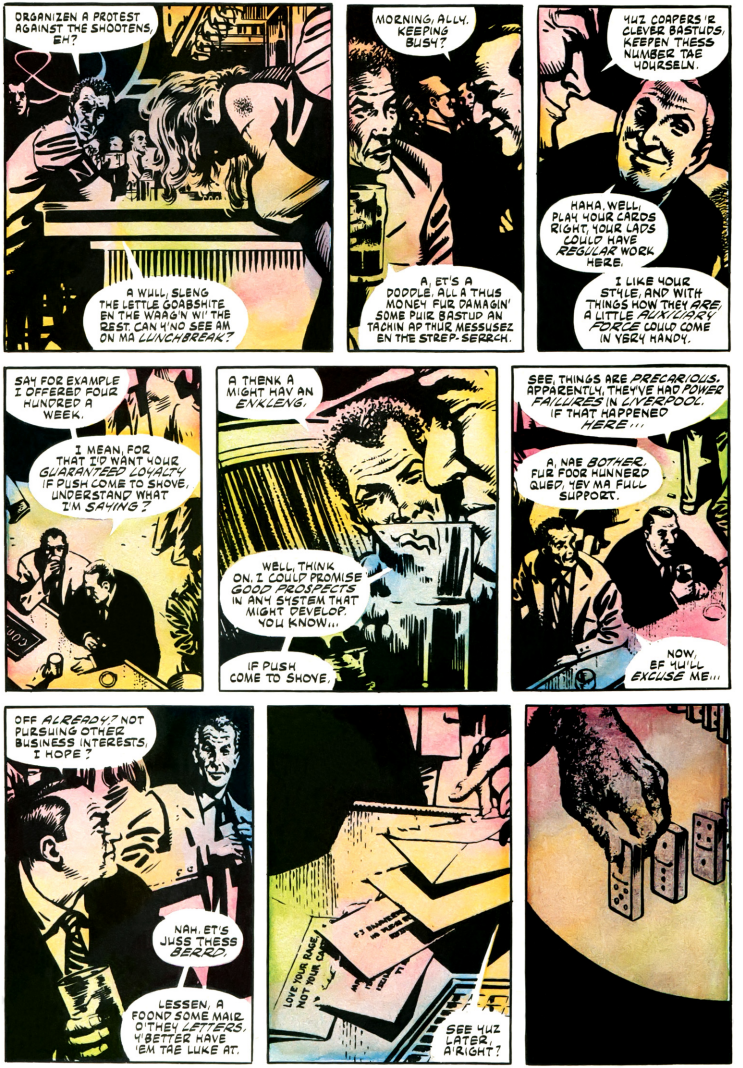

AUTHORITY ALLOWS TWO ROLES: THE TORTURER AND THE TORTURED. TWISTS PEOPLE INTO JOYLESS MANNEQUINS THAT FEAR AND HATE, WHILE CULTURE PLUNGES INTO THE ABYSS.
AUTHORITY DEFORMS THE REARING OF THEIR CHILDREN, MAKES A COCKFIGHT OF THEIR LOVE...
ALL RIGHT, CONRAD, THAT'S ENOUGH. GET ME A TOWEL.
WHEN DID THE LEADER AUTHORIZE CREEDY TO RECRUIT A GOON SQUAD?
LATE THIS AFTERNOON. DO YOU WANT YOUR ROBE, HELEN?
NO.
DOESN'T SUSAN REALIZE THAT CREEDY'S ONLY WAITING FOR HIM TO CRACK COMPLETELY BEFORE MOVING IN WITH HIS PRIVATE ARMY AND STAGING A COUP?
THE LEADER MAY JUST BE UNDER STRAIN...
BALLS, CONRAD. HIS MIND'S DISINTEGRATING... AND WHEN IT GOES, I WANT YOU IN THE NUMBER ONE SEAT AND NOT THAT SECONDARY-SCHOOL OIK, CREEDY.
I SUPPOSE I SHALL HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING, AS USUAL.
YOU KNOW, YOU'RE QUITE A SUCCESSFUL YOUNG MAN, CONRAD. IF YOUR SUCCESS WASN'T ENTIRELY DUE TO MY EFFORTS, I MIGHT EVEN FANCY YOU.
NOW, I'VE GOT THINGS TO ORGANISE IN THE MORNING, SO I'M GOING TO BED. I EXPECT I SHALL BE ASLEEP WHEN YOU COME UP.
YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THE LIGHT ON IN HERE, WILL YOU?
AUTHORITY'S COLLAPSE SENDS CRACKS THROUGH BEDROOM, BOARDROOM, CHURCH AND SCHOOL ALIKE. ALL IS MISRULE.
EQUALITY AND FREEDOM ARE NOT LUXURIES TO LIGHTLY CAST ASIDE. WITHOUT THEM, ORDER CANNOT LONG ENDURE BEFORE APPROACHING DEPTHS BEYOND IMAGINING.


V, WAIT A MINUTE... WE HAVEN'T BEEN DOWN HERE BEFORE. WHERE ARE WE GOING? DO YOU HAVE SOMETHING HIDDEN DOWN HERE?
V?
V, ANSWER ME...
HELLO. THIS IS LONDON 6482732...
ERIC FINCH SPEAKING.
I'M NOT IN AT THE MOMENT, BUT IF YOU LEAVE YOUR NAME AND NUMBER AFTER THE TONE, I'LL GET BACK TO YOU.
HELLO?
UH, HELLO. THIS IS DOMINIC AGAIN...
SUPAHEA
OFF ON
LISTEN, JUST... JUST GET IN TOUCH. PLEASE. THERE'S PROBLEMS WITH MR. SUSAN AND MR. CREEDY. I CAN'T SAY MUCH ON THE PHONE.
IT'S ALL COMING TO BITS, MR. FINCH. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I SHOULD DO.
WELL, I, UH... I SUPPOSE THAT'S ALL.
G'BYE.
TAKE CARE.
V?
COME ON, V. I'M WAITING FOR AN ANSWER. WHERE...?
THIS IS MY SECRET LOVE NEST, EVE.
I'M TAKING YOU TO MEET MY MISTRESS.


YOUR WHAT?
IT IS A TANGLED AND UNHAPPY TALE OF HEARTS BETRAYED AND LOYALTIES MISPLACED.
IT WAS NOT I THAT STRAYED. MY LOVE WAS JUSTICE; AND, INFATUATED WITH HER TRUTH AND LOVELINESS, I WORSHIPPED HER.
...UNTIL, BEHIND MY BACK, SHE TOOK UP WITH A MAN WHO VIOLATED AND ABUSED HER; SOMEONE FIERCE AND BRUTAL WITH BURNED CHILDREN ON HIS BREATH.
HE CHANGED HER. SHE ACQUIRED A TASTE FOR LEATHER, CHAINS AND WHIPS.
THE JUSTICE THAT I LOVED WAS GONE; WHO HAD SUCH KINDLY EYES; WHO TOOK SUCH SMALL AND CAREFUL STEPS...
TRANSFORMED, SHE GLARED THROUGH NARROW SLITS AND GROUND GOOD MEN BENEATH HER VICIOUS HEEL.
IMAGINE, WHEN I LEARNED OF HER AFFAIR...
MY ANGER AND MY SHAME TO THINK HOW THEY'D MADE MOCK OF ALL THAT I LOVED! MY JUSTICE AND HER BESTIAL SWAIN, CAVORTING IN THEIR BLOODSTAINED SHEETS.
STILL, ALL IN LOVE AND WAR IS FAIR, THEY SAY. THIS BEING BOTH, AND TURNABOUT'S FAIR PLAY.
THOUGH I MUST BEAR A CUCKOLD'S HORNS, THEY'RE NOT A CROWN THAT I SHALL BEAR ALONE.
YOU SEE, MY RIVAL, THOUGH INCLINED TO ROAM, POSSESSED AT HOME A WIFE THAT HE ADORED.
HE'LL RUE HIS PROMISCUITY, THE ROGUE WHO STOLE MY ONLY LOVE, WHEN HE'S INFORMED HOW MANY YEARS IT IS...
...SINCE FIRST I BEDDED HIS.

NEW SCOTLAND YARD

THE NOSE, NOVEMBER 7TH, 1998:
"ROSES ARE RED
VIOLETS ARE BLUE
EVERYTHING'S POSSIBLE
NOTHING IS TRUE."
THEY'RE LIKE LITTLE LOVE NOTES. WHO ISSUED THEM?
LEARNING THAT'S YOUR DEPARTMENT.
MY CIVILIAN AUXILIARY LADS FOUND 'EM ON VARIOUS LAY-ABOUTS THEY ROUNDED UP THIS MORNING.
"I LOVE THE RAIN, I LOVE THE MOON, I LOVE THE WIND AND STARS..."
I LOVE ME I LOVE YOU
WORK OF A NUTCASE. COUNTRY'S GOING BARMY. Y'KNOW THERE'S FOOD R/OTS IN MANCHESTER? OVER A BLOODY COMPUTER ERROR?
"...I'D LOVE TO VISIT YOU QUITE SOON AND KISS YOU THROUGH THE BARS."
WHAT'S IT MEAN?
IT MEANS TROUBLE, SON. TIMES LIKE THIS, BLOKE NEEDS TO KNOW WHO HIS FRIENDS ARE.
TAKE YOU, NOW... ACTING HEAD OF THE NOSE SINCE BALDY DISAPPEARED. DODGY POSITION. THINGS AROUND HERE COULD CHANGE OVERNIGHT.
OVER-NIGHT.
'COURSE, THE LEADER'S MARVELLOUS. BUT, WELL, IF ANYTHING HAPPENED, WHO'D FILL THE VOID? HAVE TO CONSIDER THESE THINGS, EH?
Y'KNOW; I NEVER COTTONED TO FINCH, BUT I COULD COTTON TO YOU.
MAYBE OUR DEPARTMENTS COULD CO-OPERATE MORE IN FUTURE, PERHAPS...
"I LOVE YOU, BUT WHY MUST YOU LOVE THE LAW? 'TIS PLAIN FOR ALL TO SEE THAT SHE'S A WHORE..."
"...THAT VIRTUOUS PERSONS HAVE NO NEED TO WOO; THAT KILLING SCREW, THEN STUPIDLY IGNORE."
HA. QUITE FUNNY, THAT.
CAN YOU FIND YOUR OWN WAY OUT?
CHAPTER 3
VARIOUS VALENTINES


ORGANIZEN A PROTEST AGAINST THE SHOOTENS, EH?
A WULL, SLENG THE LITTLE GOABSHITE EN THE WAAGN WI' THE REST. CAN 'I'NO SEE AM ON MA LUNCHBREAK?
MORNING, ALLY. KEEPING BUSY?
A, ET'S A DOODLE. ALL A THUS MONEY FUR DAMAGIN' SOME PUIR BASTUD AN TACKIN AP THUR MESSUSEZ EN THE STREP-SERRCH.
'HUZ COAPERS 'IZ CLEVER BASTUDS, KEEFEN THESS NUMBER THE 'HURSELN.
HAHA. WELL, PLAY 'HUR CARDS RIGHT, 'HUR LADS COULD HAVE REGULAR WORK HERE.
I LIKE 'HUR STYLE, AND WITH THINGS HOW THEY ARE, A LITTLE AUXILIARY FORCE COULD COME IN VERY HANDY.
SAY FOR EXAMPLE I OFFERED FOUR HUNDRED A WEEK.
I MEAN, FOR THAT I'D WANT 'HUR GUARANTEED LOYALTY IF PUSH COME TO SHOVE. UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING?
A THENK A MIGHT HAV AN ENKLENG.
WELL, THINK ON. I COULD PROMISE GOOD PROSPECTS IN ANY SYSTEM THAT MIGHT DEVELOP. 'HUH KNOW...
IF PUSH COME TO SHOVE.
SEE, THINGS ARE PRECARIOUS, APPARENTLY, THEY'VE HAD POWER FAILURES IN LIVERPOOL. IF THAT HAPPENED HERE...
A, NAE BOTHER. FUR FOOR HUNNERD QUID, 'EV MA FULL SUPPORT.
NOW, EF 'HU'LL EXCUSE ME...
OFF ALREADY? NOT PURSUING OTHER BUSINESS INTERESTS, I HOPE?
NAH, ET'S JUSS THESS BEARD.
LESSEN. A FOOND SOME MAIL. O'THEY LETTERS, 'H'BETTER HAVE 'EM TAE LUKE AT.
LOVE YOUR RAGE, NOT YOUR CAUSE
SEE 'HUZ LATER, A'RIGHT?

HULLO, MESSES. A GOAT 'ER MUSSAGE. SORRY AM LATE AN A' THAT....
IN FUTURE, YOU'LL BE PUNCTUAL. I DON'T LIKE WAITING.
DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

AHE, YUR THE MESSES O'THAT BLOKE RUNNEN THE EYE.
AND YOU'RE RUNNING CREEDY'S CIVILIAN AUXILIARY FORCE.
YOU KNOW HE'S PLANNING A COUP? HE WANTS TO BE LEADER.

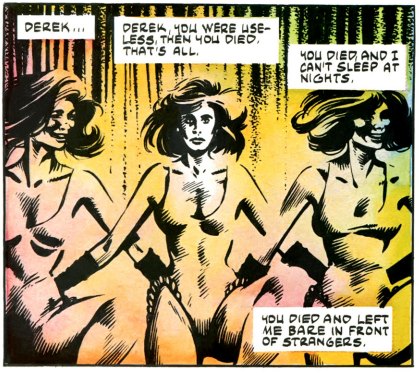
A, WULL, A KNOW NOTHIN' ABOOT ANY O'THAAT....
DON'T PLAY DUMB. THIS IS A STRAIGHTFORWARD BUSINESS DECISION: CREEDY WANTS TO BE LEADER; I WANT CONRAD TO BE LEADER.
HOW MUCH IS HE PAYING YOU?

WULL, UH, AM GETTIN' FIVE HUNNERD AT PRESENT....
REALLY? I'D HAVE THOUGHT FOUR HUNDRED MAXIMUM.
I'M PREPARED TO OFFER SIX, PLUS AN INCREASE UPON YOUR THUGS' CURRENT WAGES.

HE DON'T PESS ABOOT, DO'YE? WHAT'S MA JOAB?
YOU CARRY ON WORKING FOR CREEDY, DRAWING HIS WAGES, BUT REPORTING TO ME....
... AND WHEN THE TIME COMES, YOU REMEMBER WHO YOU'RE REALLY WORKING FOR.

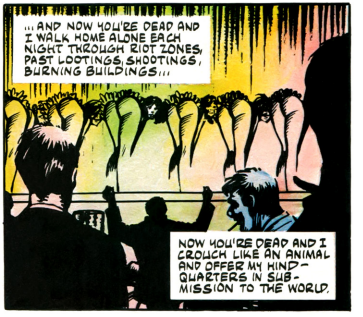
LUKE, AM NO AGGRAVATIN' THE POLIS. CREEDY'S RUNNEN THE FENGER....
HARPER, DO AS I SAY AND YOU'LL SOON BE RUNNING THE FINGER.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT CREEDY. HE'S IN A HAZARDOUS OCCUPATION....

LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS PREDECESSOR.

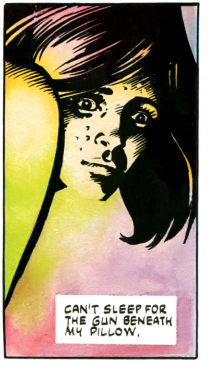

DEREK...
DEREK, YOU WERE USELESS. THEN YOU DIED. THAT'S ALL.
YOU DIED AND I CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHTS.
YOU DIED AND LEFT ME BARE IN FRONT OF STRANGERS.

DEREK, WHEN WE MARRIED, YOU REMEMBER, I WAS WORKING AT THE BANK AND YOU WERE IN INSURANCE. WE WERE GOING TO BUY A HOUSE IN SURREY, PERHAPS HAVE CHILDREN. THAT WAS IN '81...
JUST BEFORE THE WAR.

AND THEN, IN '82, YOU JOINED THE PARTY.
MRS. RANA NEXT DOOR LOANED US FOOD ALL THROUGH THE WAR YEARS. WHEN THEY DRAGGED HER AND HER CHILDREN OFF IN SEPARATE VANS WE DIDN'T INTERVENE.

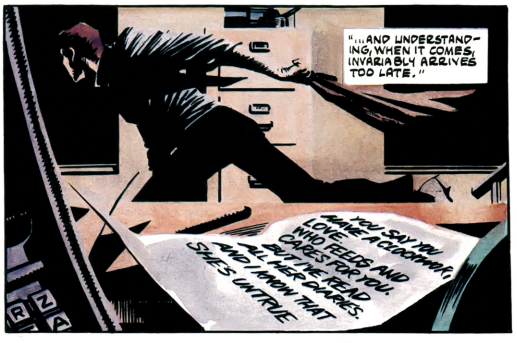

...AND NOW YOU'RE DEAD AND I WALK HOME ALONE EACH NIGHT THROUGH RIOT ZONES, PAST LOOTINGS, SHOOTINGS, BURNING BUILDINGS...
NOW YOU'RE DEAD AND I CROUCH LIKE AN ANIMAL AND OFFER MY HIND-QUARTERS IN SUBMISSION TO THE WORLD.

NOW YOU'RE DEAD AND I CAN'T SLEEP FOR BEING SCARED; FOR CRYING; HATING; THINKING "WHO HAS DONE THIS TO ME?"
I CAN'T SLEEP FOR WANTING JUSTICE; WANTING ALL THE WORLD TO KNOW OF ITS UNFAIRNESS...


CAN'T SLEEP FOR THE GUN BENEATH MY PILLOW.

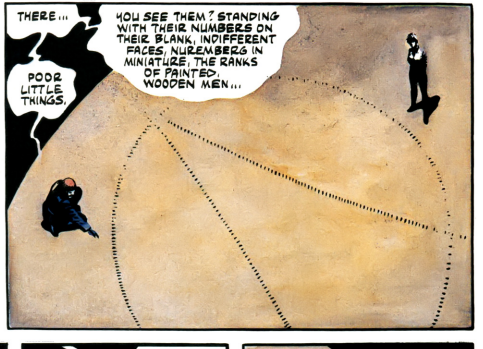
TA VERY MUCH.
Y'KNOW, YOU WON'T FIND ANYWHERE TO SLEEP OUT HERE, THERE'S NO BED AND BREAKFASTS ANYMORE. WERE YOU THINKING OF CAMPING OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT?
YES.
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
THIS IS FOR YOU, DELIA. YOU MORE THAN ANYBODY.
I WAS *HAPPY* WITH YOU, YES, YES, I WAS HAPPY WITH CYNTHIA AND LITTLE PAUL, BUT *THAT* WAS TEN YEARS AGO.
I'D GOTTEN OVER THAT.
I'M DOING THIS FOR *YOU*, DELIA.
FOR THE *COUNTRY*, YES, THAT TOO; AND FOR *ME*, OF COURSE FOR ME; BUT YOU MORE THAN ANYBODY.
YOU'RE THE REASON I CAME HERE.
THIS IS WHERE IT *STARTED*.
THIS IS WHERE IT ENDS.
LARKHILL RESETTLEMENT CAMP

V?
YOU'RE ALMOST FINISHED, AREN'T YOU?
SEE FOR YOURSELF.
"THE PIECES ARE SET OUT BEFORE ME, PERFECTLY ALIGNED.
"COMPLETE, ONE MAY AT LAST GRASP THEIR DESIGN; THEIR GRAND SIGNIFICANCE."
...BUT "ALMOST FINISHED"...?
YES.
YES, I SUPPOSE I AM.
"THOUGH RECOGNITION'S BEEN DELAYED BY ITS CIRCUITOUS CONSTRUCTION, NOW THE PATTERN LONG CONCEALED EMERGES INTO VIEW.
"IS IT NOT FINE? IS IT NOT SIMPLE AND ELEGANT AND SEVERE?"
HOW STRANGE. AFTER THE LONG EXACTING TOIL OF PREPARATION THAT IT TAKES ONLY THE SLIGHTEST EFFORT AND LESS THOUGHT TO START THIS BRIEF, ELABORATE AMUSEMENT ON ITS BREATHLESS, HURTLING RACE:
THE MEREST TOUCH, NO MORE...
"...AND EVERYTHING FALLS INTO PLACE."
THE PIECES CAN'T PERCEIVE AS WE THE MISCHIEF THEIR ARRANGEMENT TEMPTS: THOSE STOLID, LAW-ABIDING QUEUES, SO PREGNANT WITH CATASTROPHE, INSENSIBLE BEFORE THE WAVE SO SOON RELEASED BY CALLOUS FATE,
AFFECTED MOST, THEY UNDERSTAND THE LEAST...

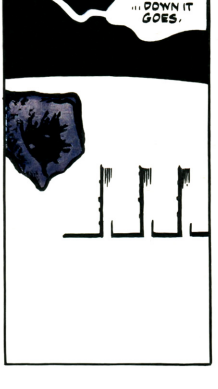

"...AND UNDERSTANDING, WHEN IT COMES, INVARIABLY ARRIVES TOO LATE."
YOU SAY YOU HAVE A CLOCKWORK LOVE, FEEDS AND CARES FOR YOU, BUT I'VE READ ALL HER CLAIMS, AND I KNOW THAT SHE'S UNTRUE

INDEED, THEY'LL NOT KNOW ANYTHING'S AMISS UNTIL THEY'RE CAUGHT UP IN THAT TERRIBLE MOMENTUM, POSSIBLY MISTAKING IT AT FIRST FOR BOLD DECISIVE ACTION, SOME LAST MINUTE RALLY TO AVERT DISASTER, CHARGING TO THE RESCUE...

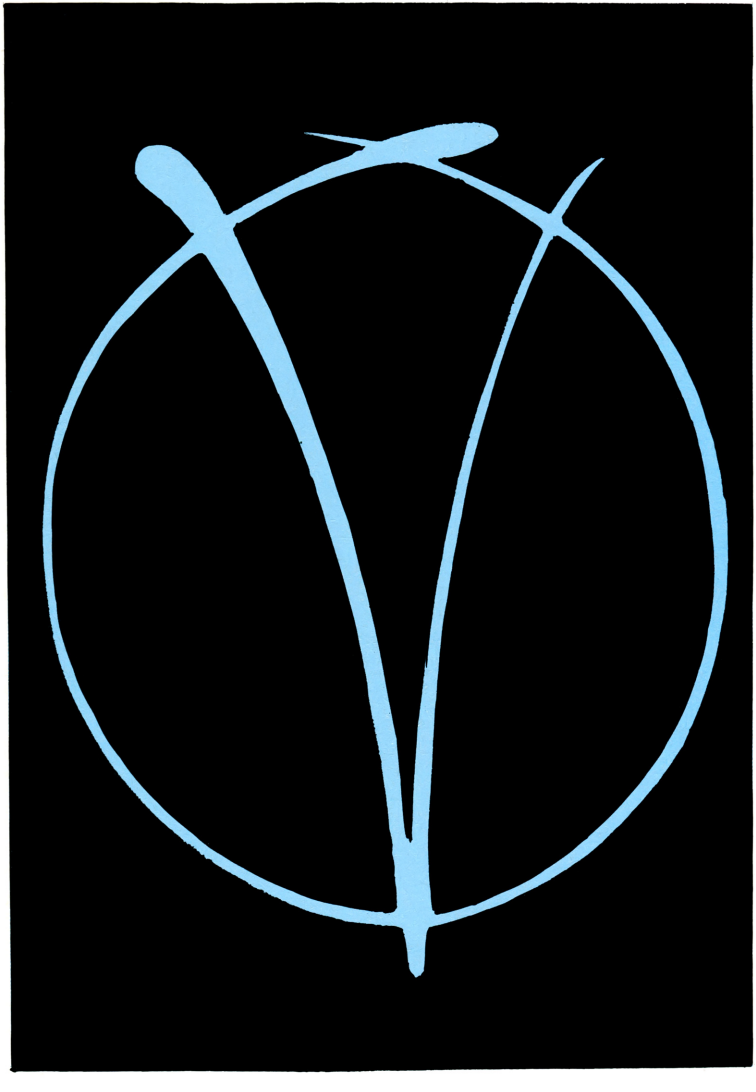
"...BUT THEY ARE NOT CHARGING.
"THEY ARE FALLING."


THERE...
YOU SEE THEM? STANDING WITH THEIR NUMBERS ON THEIR BLANK, INDIFFERENT FACES, NUREMBERG IN MINIATURE, THE RANKS OF PAINTED, WOODEN MEN...
POOR LITTLE THINGS.

"POOR DOMINOES,
"YOUR PRETTY EMPIRE TOOK SO LONG TO BUILD, NOW, WITH A SNAP OF HISTORY'S FINGERS..."


...DOWN IT GOES.

LEADER...
I KNOW.
THE TERRORIST... I KNOW HOW HE'S DOING IT ALL.
FIRST, HE KNOWS EVERYTHING ABOUT US AND OUR SYSTEM. EVERYTHING.
THEN, THIS MORNING WE FIND PEOPLE WITH SUBVERSIVE POEMS THEY CLAIMED THEY'D RECEIVED THROUGH THE POST.
LEADER, HE'S GOT US DELIVERING HIS LEAFLETS FOR HIM! HOW?
HOW IS HE CAUSING BLACKOUTS IN MERSEYSIDE AND FOOD RIOTS IN BRUM? I KNOW IT'S UNTHINKABLE, LEADER, BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER:
HE'S GOT ACCESS TO FATE.
HE'S HAD ACCESS TO FATE SINCE THE BEGINNING.
THAT'S HOW HE, UH...
LEADER?
WHAT'S...?



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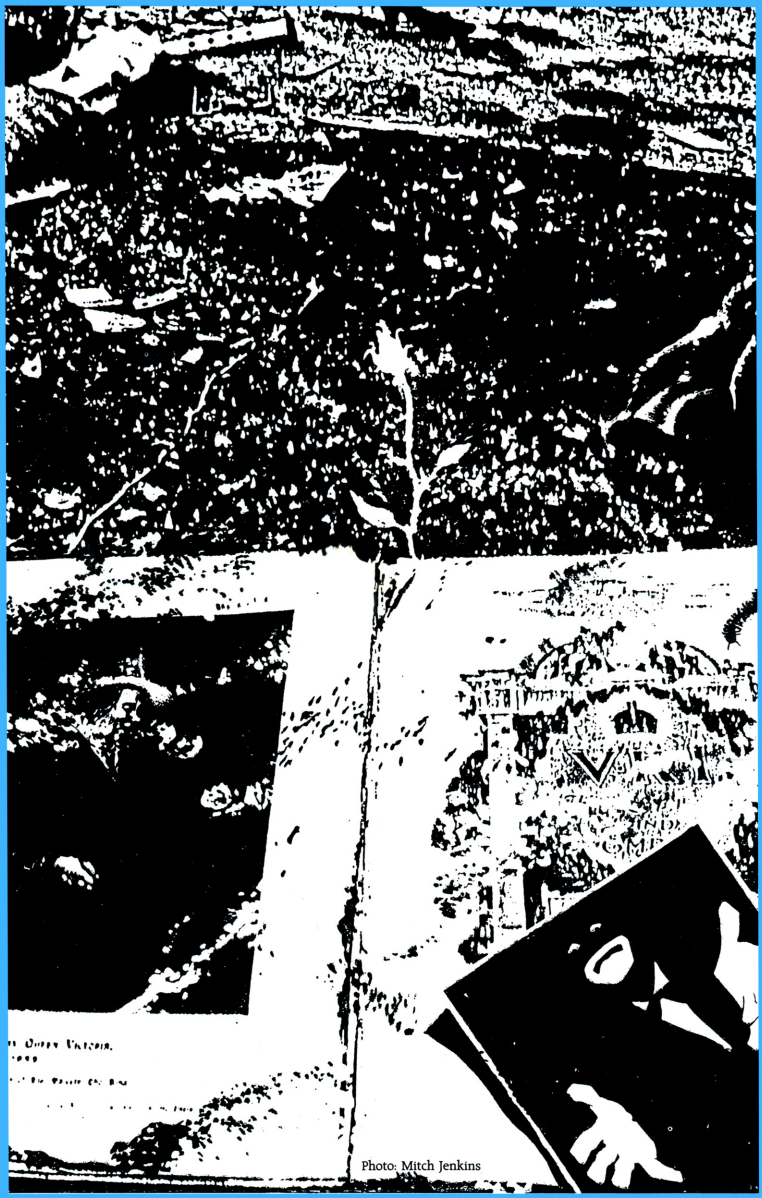

Photo: Mitch Jenkins

THE PROLETARIAT

REMEMBER, REMEMBER THE 5TH OF NOVEMBER.